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In Memory  
of  
Hope Reed Cody

Born, April 14, 1870

Died, November 7, 1899

Chicago  
1900  
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## Biography

Hope Reed Cody was born at Naperville, DuPage county, Illinois, April 14, 1870. He was the youngest son of Hiram H. Cody, for many years judge of the Circuit Court of the Twelfth Judicial Circuit, and Philomela E. Cody, whose maiden name was Sedgwick.

In his early environment he was exceptionally fortunate. He had the association, during his entire youth, of his father, who was honored in many ways by the people of his county, as no one before or since, and of his mother, who was respected and beloved by all. He was able to have much more real companionship with mother and father, brothers and sisters, than would be possible in a large community, and thereby his early development was more rapid. Being the youngest child perhaps his chances of virility were greater on that account. In his boyhood he was privileged to breathe the pure air of the country; to live close to nature, and yet near enough to the western metropolis to feel its impulse and absorb its ambition.

Even in this early period of life he evidenced his genius for leadership. Two instances may be noted.

As an editor of an amateur paper (an experience which made him an easy writer, much to his advantage in after life), he became interested in the Western Amateur Press Association, and was soon elected president of that organization. Shortly afterwards, although at graduation the youngest in his class at Northwestern College at Naperville, he was chosen the class president. We have been called "a nation of presidents." In these days nearly everyone, during his experience, becomes the chief executive of some organization. But it is significant that so early in life Hope Reed Cody was at the head of those movements with which he was identified.

After his graduation from the Union College of Law, in 1890, he moved to Chicago and entered into the practice of the law with his father and his brother, Arthur B. Cody, under the firm name of Hiram H. Cody & Sons.

He continued to lead the organizations of which he was a member. He was president of the South Side Union of Christian Endeavor societies; was twice elected to the regency of Garden City Council of the Royal Arcanum, being the first regent who, in the long life of that Council, was honored by re-election.

About this time, he became a member of the Hamilton Club, which was then located in the former home of the Farragut Boat Club, on Lake Park avenue. His administrative experience, coupled with

natural endowments of leadership, soon won him the chairmanship of the Political Action Committee, the most important committee of the organization. This position placed him where he could be active in the club councils. Dissatisfied with the limited scope of the Club as a merely South Side enterprise, he was among the first to identify himself with the movement which resulted in securing down-town quarters. Before that time, the proposition had been many times advanced, and a number of the members had earnestly advocated the change. Committees had been appointed to investigate and to procure, if possible, a favorable location, but they had all failed to report any arrangement which was practicable. He enlisted the co-operation of one of his most intimate friends, and they scoured the city with the thoroughness and energy which he took into every enterprise. They finally made an arrangement which was, probably, the only one safe, at that time, for the Club. The membership was then 360, and of that number many were in arrears for dues, and the Club was only supported by the heavy labors of a few devoted members. It seemed almost a hopeless task to raise the \$7,000 necessary for fitting up the new quarters, and those who subscribed to the fund did so with the expectation that they would not be repaid. At this time, he had no thought of further immediate advancement in the

organization, but the exigencies of club politics made his candidacy a necessity. The only objection urged against him, the force of which he himself admitted, was his youth. After his nomination the industry and force, which were his by right of Anglo-Saxon ancestry, immediately showed themselves in a striking manner. Applications for membership poured in by the score, and his name was upon nearly every application. When elected, these men would naturally vote for president, and so it was a foregone conclusion that he was to be the successful candidate, and he became the unanimous choice of the members. With the assistance of others, he superintended all the improvements in the new quarters, redrafted the by-laws to suit the new conditions, and was the central figure in this great change in conditions and prospects. His success in these matters, as in all that he undertook, was made secure by the fact that he consulted with men of judgment and modified his views, in so far as their suggestions appealed to him.

Entering upon his duties as president, he quickly brought the Club into closer touch with the rank and file of the better class of politicians.

He was fond of the society of women, but immediately eliminated from the Club the social features in which they had participated, insisting that the Club was a political organization with which ladies, socially, had nothing to do.



Soon after his inauguration, the Club anniversary was celebrated by a dinner, at which only seventy guests were present. Upon this occasion, however, an address upon Appomattox Day confirmed his idea of the feasibility of the "Blue and Gray" banquet, which, in the succeeding year, was the crown of his administration.

Later in the year, he visited New York and secured Senator Depew for the address at the Auditorium on Chicago Day, and Governor Roosevelt for the banquet of April 10th.

In the county and municipal campaigns, which took place during his administration, his foresight and energy enabled the Club to be the first to entertain the candidates. As a result, these campaigns, as well as the general campaign in the fall, were opened by the Club. In this way, the organization was established as a force in local political life, and rose to the first position among organizations of like character in the west.

The feature of the Club's campaigning, to which he devoted the most attention, aside from the public meetings of which mention has been made, was the noon-day meetings, which became so popular as to make it certain that they will be continued as long as the Club exists. Although he presided at but one of these meetings, he attended all of them and personally superintended the arrangements.

Another feature, which will be followed by future administrations, is that of the trips of Club delegates to other cities, on errands of a public or political character. No one unacquainted with the exact facts can imagine the amount of labor and worry which he took upon himself in organizing the trip which the Club made to attend the inauguration of Governor Roosevelt. The purpose was well understood by his friends. He was an admirer of the Colonel of the Rough Riders and believed that the Hamilton Club could not be true to itself unless it accented its belief in the high political ideals for which the Colonel stands.

One of his ambitions was to leave the Club free from debt when he should go out of office. It is well known that this ambition was gratified, but the means of its accomplishment were a tribute to his foresight and ingenuity.

During his term as president, he had been thrown into such favorable association with all the active members of his party that, at its conclusion, his appointment as a member of the Board of Election Commissioners was but natural, and probably no appointment has ever been made in the county which was so unanimously considered as deserved and appropriate. His subsequent election as president of the Board would have been expected by anyone familiar with his career.

He was a member of the Plymouth Congregational Church, and, in addition to the connections already mentioned, was a Mason, a Knight of Pythias, a member of the Chicago Bar Association and the Law Club, the Union League and Marquette Clubs, the Chicago Athletic Association, the North American Union, the Royal League and the National Union.

In the World's Fair year he married Miss Alta Virginia Houston, of Cincinnati. With her and their boy, Arthur Houston Cody, he looked forward to a happy life and an honorable career. But this perfect promise was not to be fulfilled. On November 7, 1899, after all had been done for him that science could suggest he bade good-bye to life, and a few days later was laid to rest in his early home, leaving a name and an influence which this volume, issued by the Club he loved and honored, is intended to perpetuate.

## Memorial

“We, the members of the Hamilton Club, of Chicago, present in special meeting, desire, at this time to pay a kindly tribute to the memory of Hope Reed Cody, distinguished as our brilliant young leader and dear to us as a friend—tried, true, unselfish, devoted.

“We miss his genial presence. We are no longer cheered by the glow of his warm heart. We are forced to forego the loving grasp of his manly hand. We are deprived of the influence of his matchless spirit. We shall be denied from day to day the example of his beautiful home life and his devotion to his family and friends. We deeply mourn his loss, and are loath to be reconciled to the early withering of our choicest flower of promise.

“But, even in this moment of our grief, we rejoice in his career. Wherever known, it will be a perennial inspiration to earnest young men who are willing to serve their country in times of peace, teaching them that there is a special place in public life reserved for them under the banner of patriotism, of integrity and of high purpose.

“The Secretary of the Club is instructed to have prepared copies of this memorial, and to place the same in the hands of the wife and parents so tenderly loved by our departed companion, in acknowledgment of the great debt this organization owes to his persistent zeal, in token of his worth, and in special remembrance of our admiration and our love.”

Adopted November 8, 1899.

"If any of the fellows of the Hamilton Club ask about me, tell them that—whatever I may have said or done to make them think otherwise in the days when I was lining up with them—I want them to know that my faith has always been in the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ."

Hope Reed Cody is dead, and to-morrow he will be laid away in the little graveyard on the hill at Naperville. He was a victim of the times—a sacrifice to all work and no play. As a “good fellow” in the highest and broadest use of the term Hope Reed Cody will be remembered by those who knew him best. His escutcheon is without a blemish. He lived the clean, useful, hurried life of a Christian American gentleman and burned out before reaching the age of thirty.

—Daily News Editorial, November 8, 1899.

Funeral Services  
at  
Plymouth Church, Chicago

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November 9, 1899

## Address

**Rev. J. W. Gunsaulus, D. D.**

The past reappears before us to-day like a clouded vision. But the clouds are touched with gold, and we are standing in the presence of a reality so bright, so impressive and so inspiring, that we lift our eyes, full of tears, and thank God for the day and the hour in which we live. Character is the true solvent and resolvent. The whole sky of our lives is changed. We here believe in the immeasurable life. There are horizons that we have never seen before, in front of us, and there are deep feelings within these bosoms that we must not try to express.

We are looking upon an event and fact in our life that seems now at first so fading and evanescent in its last glories that we would weep; then it appears so real and sublime in its newly won splendors that we would rejoice. We feel like singing a farewell to him as he goes from us, and as that form which saluted us passes from our sight, then we feel like singing a welcome to him as he comes back to us in his immortal influence.

“Thou wert the morning star among the living,  
Ere thy fair light had fled—  
Now, having died, thou art as Hesperus giving  
New splendor to the dead.”



In such a life as this which we are gathered together to commemorate, and in commemorating to honor our common humanity, the revelation is made of that new radiance which falls on both death and life, and makes us the more content and proud to live in a universe where God brings forth through humanity achievements like his, and where God inspires by our fellow-men such visions of better days as we behold in glimpses at this grave.

We are back again at the little town in Illinois, where an elegy in the country churchyard might have been sung to this boy's listening ears. We are with the fond parents as they see in their child's first mental movements the result of ages of noble ancestry, and we know that this little boy of Naperville had in himself, to begin with, an inherited sympathy with the powers that have conquered wrong and have builded palaces of right upon the wreck of despotism. We feel that if God's Providence, which we sometimes carelessly call only Providence, shall have its way, the treasures of this boy's ancestry shall make the world richer. They called him Hope. And now we take to our hearts Tennyson's words in the "Lover's Tale"—

"They said that Love would die when Hope was gone,  
And Love mourned long and sorrows after Hope;  
At last she sought out Memory and they trod  
The same old paths where Love had walked with Hope,  
And Memory fed the soul of Love with tears."

It may be that in the radiant eye of babyhood there was something of the light that never was on sea or land, and there burned in infancy on the altar of his heart the fire that always made us believe in ourselves and in God and in the future. There was no other name that might have been fitly attached to this boy's babyhood and to this baby's manhood but the word "Hope." He saw the promise of the distances in the intellectual and spiritual life and he claimed them with all the mastery of a supreme faith whose attendant angel was always Hope. He looked westward and mapped the empires of the soul called opportunities. He was wistfully aware of the large achievements and possibilities of his country. He beheld Providence creating new daytimes of science and art, and so he lived constantly worthy of the name they gave him when the baby smiled upon the lap of love—Hope. He shall always be Hope to us. As he shall reside in the distances as well as when we see him go out amidst the shadows, his name is Hope. Behold the shadows are transformed by the light, and we have our Hope.

Such an event, my friends, in the history of human thought; such a fact in the world of fancies; such a reality in the midst of unreality; such a man—how he inspires hope! We know that a God who operates by a divine economy will not lose him. We know that the universe, through which nothing right-

eous has ever fallen into darkness, shall not permit him to go astray. We know that if God keeps his throne in the heavens and if right rules upon the earth, and if goodness and justice triumph anywhere, our Hope is secure. We know that such a fact in the equation of time witnesses the presence of eternity, and that immortality is as sure as the hour in which we live here together.

We see him the playmate of boys and girls who love him. The love story of his career began in his babyhood—continued through his boyhood, and it was a love tale to the very end, for the characteristic of this boy's whole spiritual and intellectual life may be described when we pronounce that one word which is called God—love. We came to understand something of the brilliancy of his eager mind as we stood in his early radiance and knew its light. We were charmed by the subtleness of his intellect, the ardor of his soul. We knew that sometimes even in the early days in which we traveled with him here below he intimated a greatness which is of love and friendship alone. We knew he was a great young man. But, ah! fellow travelers, we knew something else—we knew that to be good is greater than to be great. We knew that the capacity to receive human love and the power to inspire human love were the divine qualities with which this man's life was clad in an omnipotent glow and beauty. He always wished for

love. He was poor without love. No more pathetic cry ever went out to any man's life—to my life and yours—than the cry of this dauntless soul for love. Always through your associations with him in politics you found that his life was woven of one long thread—according to one gracious pattern, for he was always asking you to give what he begged for at home and what he asked for in childhood, and for what he gave to everybody—love, love.

You and I shall remember him with consummate wisdom allied with transcendent youthfulness of mind, handling some of the problems with which our local and national politics have become involved. We shall recollect him in this church—the youth upon whose forehead faith sat, walking forth in the dawn, all the dew-falls sparkling over the planet upon which he lived, with some of the mild stars still shining. We will remember him as the leader of our boys and girls, the inspirer of every noble characteristic, giving a banner to the hearts of our young people as he led them, but most of all we will remember him in his sway over our hearts, one of the most lovable of human beings—most loving—and shall I not say the most loved?

We follow him still further on, out of this association of sweet acquaintance and profound friendship, into the severe tasks of life, as his responsibilities came upon him. It is always hard

for the man of real genius to keep from being a boy. It is a characteristic of the finest quality of man that his boyhood lasts even into his old age. Whenever the ripple of a boy's laughter dies away and the song of a boy's heart grows less musical, and the vision of a boy's brain fades out into the darkness, when the playfulness of the soul has gone, then hope has died and the intellect has already passed into the portal of its sepulcher. Here was this boy to the last, and the problem of his career at the first was not to get over his boyhood, but to transfer all its imagination and enthusiasm, all its ardor and its hopes, all its courage and its ability into the task and the achievements of life. He met this problem in a deep hour of experience.

Plymouth Church is the spot—yea the temple in which this boy walked out of boyhood and youth—carried all their treasures with him into manhood. Can I ever look upon this altar and forget that smiling day when, before the wine and bread which symbolized his crucified Lord, he gave his hand to me, his heart to this church, as he had given his soul in childhood to his Redeemer and his Lord? Shall we ever forget how, by the charm of his youth, the beauty of his life, the capacities and forces of his intellect, he marshaled our young people until they were a veritable host of the Almighty, a Gideon's band, and how, on the South side of this city, this

young man passed, as Sunday school teacher and president of the Christian Endeavor Societies, into the full manhood of his Christian love? This church is more sacred to me because in this room, where my own best life has been spent, he also spent his young life with mine, and yonder study, where he sat planning for the larger influence of the Kingdom of God, is the study in which he put his hand in mine and said: "There are larger tasks for me to do, and I shall do them as a man." It was on a night which we had passed, both engaged in the study of the career of William Ewart Gladstone. Here was a young man who had already found himself in somewhat the same situation with regard to a political career, as that which once confronted the greatest man England has had since the days of Oliver Cromwell. He saw behind him the associations of a party to which for many years his ancestors had belonged. He saw in front of him the immeasurable opportunities of the republic—and he said, as Gladstone had said in England: "I will follow the light of my conscience whithersoever it leads." Before him he saw what men—profane men—speak of as the dirt and slime of politics. No man with concentrated reason ever saw the problems of statesmanship in such light—or, rather, let me say—in such darkness—as such words would indicate. The slime and dirt of politics were entered by the prophet Isaiah in Jerusa-

lem—the slime and dirt of politics were touched by the dissolving hand of Moses in the history of Israel. The slime and dirt of politics are never foul until a man's spirit is lower than the problem which God has set for man to work out in politics. He looked upon the shining figure of Gladstone, who was then vanishing from our world, and when he left me that night he said: "All that is in me shall be devoted with the same enthusiasm with which I have been president of the Christian Endeavor Society, to prove that a man consecrated to Jesus Christ can live, labor and triumph in politics."

Oh! young men of Chicago—young men of this nation—I place before you that picture made for me on that evening—the retiring old statesman of England—the prophet of that better England which shall come bye and bye—the setting of that glorious personality whose light filled our American eyes with so much of beauty and of power, and this young American coming forward ready to give his life, if need be, and always his service, for the better state and the nobler commonwealth. The bells of the commonwealth ought to toll to-day—the deep-voiced music of the bell in our highest tower ought to sound to-day. Then it ought to ring gladness that such young men as these are willing to give themselves with all broad philanthropy, with all ardent service, with all clear intellectual equipment and persuasion to the task of

giving us an American worthy of ancient ideals—worthy of all our modern desires and anticipations.

As I stand here to-day and remember these scenes in the history of our loved one, I cannot help feeling that many other comparisons which leap to my lips are worthy of expression and worthy of your thought. But our grief is too great for elaborate portraiture. Together he and I read "In Memoriam" on two or three evenings in the first winter of his presence among us and of his residence in the city; and as I think to-day of Arthur Henry Hallam, that bright particular star which shone for a little time with infinite promise over English literature and English politics, the young man who fascinated the genius of Tennyson and exercised a spell over Gladstone, when all were in their youth—as I think of Arthur Henry Hallam passing out into the regions whence he came, clothed with that splendor which belongs only to a devoted and hopeful life, I seem to see our friend, Hope Reed Cody, standing, perhaps not by his side in realms of genius—nor near to him perhaps, because of the accomplishments of his pen, but standing close by him by virtue of sympathy of heart and soul. Both lived for the vast dream to make our world the recipient of the city of God that cometh down out of heaven from God. Yet our friend was more like Harry Vane the younger, the knightly pilgrim who, when he still stood at the edge



of his career, at twenty-four, became the governor of Massachusetts. Young men of this country, are there to be no successors to that indomitable Puritan, Harry Vane, who in Massachusetts taught republicanism and democracy to a colony of England? Just as yonder to Geneva, when freed from the university, this young man of England went to learn republicanism, so into associations foreign to the history of his family, foreign perhaps to his earlier purposes, our young republican went and came back to his people to take hold of the problems of our civilization with strong and steady hand.

But more like Alexander Hamilton than like any of the statesmen who have influenced our American thought and purpose he takes his place in our mind this morning. It was a singular incident of charming propriety that he should be the president of the Hamilton Club. We are back again in the midst of the Revolution. Washington and the rest are confronting some of the problems that distress the mind of the commonwealth to-day, and there rises before us young Alexander Hamilton at twenty-nine years of age standing between the great Congress of 1782 and the constitutional convention of 1787. At that very age Hope Reed Cody was president of the Hamilton Club. In the very hour of his life in which Alexander Hamilton believed in an Americanism constituted of American ideas, influenced by American culture, true

to American ideals, our young man stood with all the pressure of his new cares upon him, true to his country and true to his God. Do you tell me that Alexander Hamilton was marvelous in finding such financial resources as might guarantee the movement with which his mind and his heart were associated? I turn to the history of the Hamilton Club. I remember the year in which this young man took hold of the helm, and I remember Daniel Webster's words with reference to Alexander Hamilton:

"He smote the rock of our national resources and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth. He touched the dead corpse of public credit and it sprang upon its feet."

Did not our young Hamilton, with your Club, accomplish this? And as we abide here for a moment, looking out upon the immeasurable future, can we doubt that God has work for such a man to do?

Looking at death as a beneficent experience, Victor Hugo said: "I shall go to work again next morning." He knew that the night-time that we call death is the thinnest of curtains, and that all the instrumentalities and cultures and powers that have been developed here are to be his who has been true to them here, and that they will be useful energies in the everlasting summer to which you and I are going. "I will begin my work next day." There are policies in this universe larger than those of America. There are enterprises that may reach round and round

the constellations and the stars. All we know is that this boy was such a boy in his home, such a husband in his family, such a father to his boy, such a brother to those who will not know how to live without him, such a Christian in the midst of the associations of his church, such a patriot upon broad principles of justice and truth, that God can have no task in all heaven upon which Hope Reed Cody may not have entered helpfully the moment after his life went out here.

“Good bye,” said the mother—“good bye,” as she left him yonder just before the surgeon’s knife was to be applied for the rescue of his life—“good bye!” “No,” said Hope, “not good bye, but good night.” So we say to-day. The time is short. We shall meet in the morning, and he will say to us then, not “Good bye,” and not “Good night,” but “Good morning.”

## Address

### Judge Orrin M. Carter

This is the saddest public duty of my life. Nothing but the dying request of our friend could cause me even to attempt to talk to-day. In death, as in life, his wonderful personality influences and guides us. Standing in the presence of those who loved him, who remember his winning ways, who have felt the charm of his leadership, who knew him as he was, I realize how pitifully weak mere words are to pay a fitting tribute to his memory or to express the deep sense of our personal loss.

Young in years, he had accomplished more in his short life than many who live three score years and ten. His life may well stand as an example of the truth of these words:

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;  
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.  
We count time by heart throbs. He most lives  
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best,  
And he whose heart beats quickest lives the longest."

Associated with the brightest minds of our city, in the keenest competition of our modern civilization, in

everything that he undertook, young and old, alike, gladly accepted him without protest or jealousy as their chosen leader. If the young men of our time could feel the responsibility of civic duties, even in a small measure, as did Hope Reed Cody, the future of our country would be secure. His influence will ever stand for purity of life and nobleness of purpose.

Last January a delegation of the Hamilton Club, under his leadership, attended the inauguration of Governor Roosevelt at Albany. At the close of those ceremonies, in reply to a speech of presentation by Mr. Cody in the executive chamber, Governor Roosevelt said to us: "Young men, in the future, as in the past, have high ideals but not too high. Be practical." That thought must have been inspired in the mind of Governor Roosevelt by the life and work of Hope Reed Cody, his intimate friend. For, of all the men that I have ever known, not excepting Governor Roosevelt himself, this man possessed in the most marked degree the loftiest ideals, combined with the most practical common sense to make those ideals living realities.

During the past year I have been brought into intimate and almost daily association with him in his capacity of President of the Board of Election Commissioners. He administered the duties of that office, one of the most difficult and trying in this great city, with such marvelous tact and with such uprightness

that he compelled the admiration and respect of friend and political opponent, alike. There, as in all other positions, he demonstrated his remarkable executive ability. He never made a mistake in judging men or their motives. When he made up his mind that a thing was right and ought to be done I never met his superior in persuading men to accept his views. No disappointment could discourage him—no obstacle thwart him. What might be an insurmountable barrier to another he transformed into a means to obtain the desired end. He knew no such word as defeat. He was equal to every occasion.

But to-day our sense of personal loss overshadows all things else. Now, if never before, we must believe.

“ There is no death! What seems so is transition;  
This life of mortal breath  
Is but the suburb of the life elysian,  
Whose portal we call Death.”

Friend, comrade, brother, you were the bravest, tenderest, manliest man of us all. Your memory will remain with us always as an inspiration and a blessing.

## Address

### Hon. James R. Mann

How can I speak? Nothing but his personal request could induce me to try. I loved him so. The tendrils of his heart had fastened themselves so tightly to mine that his departure leaves my soul bruised and bleeding.

What a sweet sunshine he brought into a room or a company! How tender he always was of the feelings of others! Though he engaged in many animated contests, he never, by word or act, brought intentional pain to any one.

We were all so proud of him! Younger than most of us, we were glad to look upon him as a leader and to follow him without envy. He had a daring of undertaking which sometimes appalled his friends, but the dash and celerity of his execution filled their hearts with comfort and with pride. And whether in going after Governor Roosevelt in the camp of the Rough Riders at Montauk; introducing Chauncey M. Depew before the brilliant audience in the Auditorium; presiding over an ordinary meeting of a society or club; arranging the particulars for a dinner or a caucus; meeting his neighbors and friends on

the street or at home; attending social, political, religious or club gatherings; hearing contests as President of the Election Commissioners; dealing with clients; planning the arrangements which we are now carrying out; or deciding upon the surgical operation, the result of which he expected, he was always the same brilliant-minded, quickly-thinking, brave, cool, collected, sweet-tempered, tenderly-loving genius, whom no emergency could disconcert.

I regarded him as the most brilliant young man who ever lived in Chicago. He was a born leader of men and he was a faithful follower of his friends.

We were such close neighbors that I know better than most of you how he idolized his boy and worshiped his wife, and what a veneration of love he entertained for his father, mother, sisters and brothers.

We cannot bring him back. His body we lay tenderly away. His soul, too great to be kept here longer, has returned to its Maker. But the spirit of his leadership and the tender love and thoughtful kindness, and the memory of what he was in the world and what he was to us, who knew and loved him, remain. Any of us may be justly proud if we can leave behind at the age of sixty the record which he had made at twenty-nine.

But I cannot speak longer; my heart is too deeply wounded. I loved him as a father loves a son, and I respected him as a son respects a father.



## Address at the Grave

### Judge Orrin M. Carter

Friends of Our Friend: On this beautiful autumn day, with God's sunshine all about us, we have brought you our dead, to lay him to rest in his old home. He went out from you a boy; he comes back a man, with all life's "honors thick upon him." Of all the best and bravest that you have sent from your midst to help make our city great, this man was easily chief. His was the rarest combination of heart and brain that I have ever known. In whatever position, or with whatever surroundings he was placed, he was the leader. He possessed a marvelous faculty of influencing and moulding men. He so wound himself into their confidence and affection that he could do with them as he would.

On such an occasion as this how insignificant appear mere earthly things. Too frequently during our struggles for wealth and power

"Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking,"

Forgetting that

"'Tis Heaven alone that is given away,  
'Tis only God may be had for the asking."

Young as he was, judged by this highest and best standard, his life was fully rounded and complete. The closed doors of your business houses, this outpouring of people, testify the esteem in which he is held in his boyhood home. Never before has the city of his adoption been so stirred by the death of any young man. Scores feel that they have lost their best friend. He was not only their friend, but their ideal. When we remember what this man was to us we cry out: "We cannot give him up." We will not give him up. His memory will ever remain with us a cherished heritage to inspire us to better deeds. It must be in taking him God has some greater work for him to do. Those nearest and dearest to him, to-day in the midst of your great grief, must remember, as he would have you, the divine teaching of the Psalmist of old: "The Lord is my Shepherd \* \* \* Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me."

This afternoon on this beautiful hillside we lay away in "God's acre" the earthly remains of our friend, but his spirit is now in the sunlight of the eternal morning. Brother, son, father, husband, farewell until the to-morrow.

## In Memoriam

### Dr. Norman Bridge

The career of Hope Reed Cody was unique among men. It was shorter than the full span of a generation; yet in his contact with the world and in the influence he had acquired over all classes of men, and chiefly the best, it was phenomenal.

Young men gathered about him instinctively; they loved and honored him and would follow where he led. Middle-aged men caressed him in affectionate admiration. They had a comradeship with him that was confidential and natural, like child-loving men with normal boys. He had easily traveled the road they earlier found hard, and accomplished with little effort the tasks they had done with severe struggles, if they had done them at all. They admired him for it, and found it easy to admire because he was apparently free from consciousness of superiority and from any taint of conceit. A mixture of frankness, a keen interest in others and a subordination and control of self, added to his great intellectual endowments, gave him an element of magnetism that was nearly irresistible. What lifted him most was a method of

candor, an element of personal and public honesty, and ideals that were all high. These gifts, too, disarmed criticism and made his competitors grow to be his friends and to be in the end among his sincerest mourners.

Since his death those who knew him have come to tell the beautiful things they remember of his personality and life; and it is all as gentle as the touch of velvet and has the fragrance of the flowers they placed on his casket. The best wreath of all has been their increasing warmth of friendship to each other and their tacit new pledge of loyalty to the ideals that always actuated him.

Men who knew him familiarly have thought they had fathomed all the depth of his nature ; that they had known him under circumstances likely to test a man, but most of them had only seen him in the normal conditions of life, in the peace of smooth seas and without mortal dangers directly ahead of him. It was left to the few who had the pathetic fortune to see him confronted with death, to discover a superiority of nature and a grandeur of soul that made them feel as if their own feet had been for a brief period lifted from the earth, and that they had indeed been in company with one of the angels.

Warned that he might have but a few hours to live, and that not more than one hour remained for any arrangements he might wish to make, he set

about the task with the same care and economy of words with which he would have gone about a day's work. No time must be lost ; he had much to say and he would hasten. He was probably soon to depart on a journey and there was no time for leisurely visiting. He would say what was necessary for his family and friends and for the record of his life, and he would not waste words.

To his wife he gave tender and terse words of counsel ; to his little boy words that burned into his soul, never to be effaced, and left him wondering at the meaning of his gestures of agony at parting from him.

With the sister nearest him in age, with whom he had grown up and matured in a twinship of thought and fellowship, he was carried back in love and memory to the aspirations and trials of his boyhood and youth and the fruitions of his manhood. He crowded into minutes the expanding years of his lifetime. And the sweep of it all he condensed into the words which they only could fully understand : "Whatever may come you and I *know*."

To his partner-brother he spoke as a faithful and God-loving man would : about his business, the arrangement of his estate ; the ordering of his funeral ; how it should be conducted and who should preach and speak and sing, and even what the music should be.

Later, his messages to his parents and other

members of his family and to his friends, were such as a grand man might give. They left all who received them with a larger estimate of his character and with more courage for their own lives.

No stoic would have been calmer; no rhapsody of saintship could have made a man more tranquil. He had no fear or trepidation about the journey before him, and his friends should know that he had none. The memory of no heat of discussion or campaigning should make equivocal the fact that he always had believed in the Lord Jesus Christ, and to that end his declarations were positive and explicit.

After his final messages were all uttered a gentle restfulness and peace came over him. Later he dropped into a half-slumber, from which he awoke to fall back into it again and again, and talked disjointedly in both realms—as the brain will work in its automatism of half-consciousness, unhindered by the will. Then came little wafts of delirium, such as often reveal a new side of a man. But there was no new side to be revealed here save a fairer side than had been known in his normal life. For no one that loved him but would have been glad to see every utterance of his, through that struggle, cast into everlasting bronze, and have been proud of the record.

He showed in a sublime way how a great soul can approach and cross the river. His spirit seemed to cross over before his poor body reached the brink.

The Benjamin of his flock ; heir of all the best of his blessed parents; boy of precocious power; beautiful and boyish youth; youthful man; statesman and the hope and promise of statesmanship; beloved and applauded by an army of friends and by strangers touched by his triumphs; fit material to be spoiled by adulation and success, yet unspoiled through it all—he has left a record so clean, so finished and so lofty, as to challenge the admiration of women, the emulation of all boys, and the ambition of good men everywhere.

Such a life cannot really die out of the world, and in his going the influence of this matchless man has been felt in the spirit and motives of those who knew him. A beautiful perfume once perceived is never forgotten; no chord of sublime harmony ever leaves a music-lover exactly as it found him—he is changed a little by it and always exalted. And a human soul that touches men for higher things is not only not lost to the world, but through those who are helped it touches others, often unto many generations of beneficent influence.

So Hope Cody is a living influence in the world, and will continue to be, in a lesson the vital meaning of which is: “As I have loved you, so love you one another.”





Memorial Services  
at  
The Hamilton Club  
of Chicago

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November 19, 1899

## Addresses

THE REV. DR. HAYNES  
    GEORGE W. MILLER  
        FRED A. BANGS  
            ERASMUS C. LINDLEY  
                ROBERT H. WILES  
                    MARTIN B. MADDEN  
JAMES R. MANN                      RUSH C. BUTLER  
    CHRISTIAN C. KOHLSAAT  
        PATRICK H. O'DONNELL  
            JOHN H. BATTEN  
                ROGER SHERMAN  
                    EDWIN A. MUNGER  
ROBERT MCMURDY                      ALBERT C. BARNES  
    JOHN C. EVERETT  
        DAVID S. GEER  
            WILLIAM R. PAYNE  
                ALEXANDER H. REVELL  
                    ARTHUR DIXON  
ABNER C. FISH                      CONRAD J. GUNDLACH  
    GEORGE W. DIXON  
        EDWARD P. BARRY  
            HOYT KING  
                WARWICK A. SHAW  
                    GIDEON E. NEWMAN  
                        ALBERT E. CROWLEY  
                            JOHN B. PORTER

Prayer by

**The Rev. Dr. Haynes**

Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations, before the mountains were brought forth, or ever Thou hadst formed the earth and the world; even from everlasting to everlasting, Thou art God. Thy throne, O Lord, is forever and forever; the sceptre of Thy kingdom is a right sceptre. Thou lovest righteousness; Thou hatest iniquity. Goodness and honor and majesty clothe Thee about; strength and beauty are in Thy sanctuary.

We thank Thee, O God, for the privilege of associating together in this memorial of love. We thank Thee for this life that Thou didst give unto the world—unto those who knew and loved him; unto those who were associated with him in business; unto those who knew him in the home, who knew him in the church; unto those who knew him not, but felt indirectly the influence of his thought and the activity of his life.

Oh God, we thank Thee for all the private and personal relationships of that life. We pray that Thou wilt help those who knew him in these per-

sonal associations, so to cherish his memory, that it may prove to them a benediction of all that is fine and true and tender. We thank Thee that Thou hast given this life unto this city, unto this commonwealth. We thank Thee for all that was inspiring in his example of civil duty. We thank Thee, that though the body of this friend has been taken from us, his spirit remains to consecrate unto our good all that was strong and beautiful in his life. May the ministry of that life, of its memory, create such an ideal of lofty Americanism that the young men who have been associated with him may be inspired to larger and nobler activity. Give unto our community and commonwealth leaders who fear God, and strive to work righteousness among the people. To this end may Thy benediction rest upon this Club, upon those who have known and felt this man's rare power. Wilt Thou help them to realize that he has left them a priceless legacy, a legacy of love and personality and brilliant leadership, and may his memory never depart from this place, but may he be an inspiration, a source of strength and encouragement unto those who work here for the great good of our city and state.

Bless us in this memorial service to-day. May the power and beauty of this life be richly interpreted unto us by those who shall speak, and may we go forth from this place with a larger apprecia-

tion of the manly virtues that shone out through his life. Help us in this great city which he loved, to work out the divine plan of God. Let the benediction of his presence be over us and lead us by Thy Spirit, now and evermore. Amen.

## Hon. George W. Miller

President of the Club

A meeting like this, in whosoever memory called, brings us together with saddened hearts; but saddened hearts little express our feelings to-day. Hope Reed Cody is dead. He slumbers in yonder churchyard where his sleep is undisturbed. He rests with his manly face turned to the sky of heaven, and when called for the resurrection he will step forth with his face to the rising sun. No more, save in memory, will we feel the grasp of his warm hand and through it the throbbings of his still warmer heart; nor ever again will his face throw sunlight over those who gather here to work out the destiny of the Club he loved. But though the hand, the face, the form, the voice are gone forever, oh, sweet memory of them still abide with us, and like a star of hope to the mariner on an angry sea, guide us, oh guide us to the end!

This is my first opportunity since the death of our friend, publicly to add a flower to the wreaths which have been buildd by those who knew him and who loved him; but, though I was absent from you as you

stood by his bier, or by the open grave, you who knew the tie of affection between us knew that I was mourning with you.

In the vigor of his young manhood, with the sunlight of promise just rising for him, he died; but though his years were not many, he had lived them to a purpose, for are we not here this afternoon with aching hearts, and do not the mourners go about the streets, and has it not been said of him that in his untimely death the state has lost a noble citizen?

My friends, life is sweet and worth the living. Its possibilities cannot be measured nor foretold. The voice of humanity cries for noble men, and he has reared for himself an enduring monument who has so lived that he can die in the springtime of life and leave a state in mourning.

## Fred A. Bangs

“Praising what is lost makes the remembrance dear.”

Hope Reed Cody was with us and of us; his life, his energy, his ability and his benign presence are all ours.

His name, when uttered to us who knew him well, speaks no equivocal language. It brings to our imagination the real presence of our fallen comrade. He stands before us invested with the grace of youth and full of the courage and geniality of an unusually developed young manhood. When we realize what he really was and think of him as in life, the door seems to swing and he steps into the room radiant with all those personal qualities which to all who knew him were ever present with him in life.

He was the embodiment of personal sunshine and hope. It has been said that he had no enemies. He certainly had a host of friends. His friendships were spontaneously engendered and utterly sincere.

The Hamilton Club bears indelible indication of his labors and influence in its behalf. His efforts for the Club had almost magic result. To its interests



he devoted that cheerful, generous and efficient faith and spirit which ever characterized all his activity.

It is said that there is no death for a word once spoken and that all our deeds are immortal; that nature herself is an infinite negative whereon are accurately and permanently impressed all our acts, doings and motives, and that this record becomes a heritage to each succeeding generation. The earthly record of him whom we to-day commemorate is closed by death. His life, his characteristics are now a part of our heritage. His life was largely symmetrical and sublime and is classed among those lives which remind us that "We may make our lives sublime."

While, to our limited vision, his death may appear untimely and inopportune, yet to Him who sees the end from the beginning such death was doubtless the occasion for his translation to higher and more important trusts. Nevertheless, his end coming almost at life's threshold, when all his powers and aspirations were fresh and vigorous, we are impelled to mourn his loss and to speak kindly and appreciatingly of him.

Few men of his age have been called by death to surrender more ardent hopes and brilliant prospects.

The fortitude and manly courage that have heretofore been his charming personal characteristics in life, did not fail or desert him in the presence of the grim King of Terrors. On the contrary, he made

with calm composure detailed plans for his own funeral, telling his family and friends, in spirit if not in the language of John Quincy Adams, under similar circumstances, "This is the last of earth—I am content." And then he wrapped the drapery of his couch about him and lay down to pleasant dreams.

He was thus in the repose of a great soul while he lived, and was enfolded in and by the sublime repose while descending the Dark Valley.

He awaited the muffled oar beside the silent sea, without fear, and was carried in buoyant hope to that "house not made with hands," where he will meet with the higher, broader and nobler duties of immortal life.

He was one of Wisdom's children and we inherit, possess and profit by his legacy. It is our privilege, inspired by his example, to make our lives, like his, full of usefulness, moved and guided by lofty aspiration.

May his mantle descend upon us.

## Erasmus C. Lindley

In perhaps the most memorable words ever spoken over the mortal remains of man, either in history or in fiction, the speaker said, that he came to bury, not to praise.

And although they laid away the body of Julius Cæsar with the eloquence of Mark Antony, and reared above it a Roman mausoleum, yet they did not bury Cæsar, for the spirit of the man lived on, shaping succeeding dynasties and controlling the policies of state, and the principles for which he stood have exercised a potent influence upon every phase of Roman life to this day. So, my fellow members, while we have laid all that is mortal of Hope Reed Cody beneath the soil of his native village, where the golden-rod, the floral emblem of the state he loved so well, will shed, each fall, its amber above his grave, yet we have not buried Hope Reed Cody. He lives—and as long as this Club stands—as long as it is worthy to bear the name of Hamilton—as long as it calls to its membership the brightest and the best of the young republicans of this city, young men

who are willing to devote their energies, their time and their money unselfishly for the good of their fellow citizens, so long will the spirit of Hope Reed Cody hover within its walls, an incentive to you and me, to emulate in some small degree, as did he, the career of the matchless leader whose name this Club bears.

It was not my good fortune to have known Mr. Cody personally as many of you did, but I did know him, as a member of this Club, as a citizen of Chicago and as a public official.

“Now that he is gone, we think on all he was with  
many a fear  
Lest goodness die with him and leave the coming  
year.”

While none of us have anything but highest praise for the untiring devotion which all those who were associated with him in his administration gave to their duties as officials of this Club, and while we recognize their unselfishness and their patriotism in the work, yet you must agree with me when we look back upon the splendid record made during the last year, that they seem but foot-hills—measureless distances—from the one central figure about which they were grouped.

While we are deeply grieved at his early death, which came “like the untimely frost upon the

fairest flower," yet we congratulate ourselves that we had him for a time as our leader. I know of no other member of the thousand young men in this Club who possess to such a marked degree so many of the characteristics of our patron saint.

I know that it usually seems affected to compare one of our fellow citizens to any of the great leaders of the Revolution, and I am not here to say that Hope Reed Cody was as great in all things as Alexander Hamilton, but they had many characteristics in common—both of them always ahead of their years. At nineteen both were out of college, at an age when many of us were just entering; at twenty both engaged in journalism; at twenty-nine, when Mr. Cody died, we find him doing what Hamilton was doing at twenty-nine—standing on the threshold of what promised to be a remarkable career at the bar.

It is true that from twenty to twenty-nine their lives can be more easily contrasted than compared. That period of life with Hamilton was spent in services upon the field of battle, side by side with the great leader of the Colonists. He endured the hardships and exhibited the bravery and courage ever exhibited by the heroes of nations when fighting in defense of their country's rights. It is far from me to belittle in any way the bravery and courage which the people have always seen fit to attribute to its

warriors, yet I say unto you that there is a higher courage and a greater bravery than that of the soldier.

I have seen the temptations which come with popularity in a social and political way engulf in their seducing charms the brightest and brainiest men of my class, drawing them from the path of integrity and honesty until they left their *alma mater* in shame and disgrace. On the other hand I have seen my fellow-mates laugh at the bursting shells of the enemy above their heads, as brave young men as ever followed their flag or defended their country's honor, and not one of them evidenced the slightest design of turning from the danger which he encountered.

So I say to you, that Hope Reed Cody, a citizen of this city, entering actively into the political duties of a citizen, working in ward and Club, for what he conceived was right in municipal affairs, and standing at twenty-nine with reputation unstained and character unsullied by the waves of political corruption, which year after year sweep over this city, threatening to draw into their seething caldron every man who dares to do his duty, showed as brave and courageous a heart as ever beat in the breast of any American sailor or soldier.

Again I say unto you, all is not lost to us of

Hope Reed Cody, for there was some truth as well as poetry in the words of the bard :

“He who wins his love loses;  
He who loses gains,  
For the spirit ever woos her  
As a soul without a stain.

In the land of dreams beholds her  
In the land of dreams among;  
When all the world wax colder  
And all the songs are sung;  
Yet in memory he sees her  
Ever fair and kind and young.”

So that you and I as we grow older, as our high ideas of civic virtue, of integrity in public life, of unselfish devotion to others' interests grow vague and indefinite and fade into the past, and we see each other sacrificing principle for policy, betraying others' rights for self-interest, traveling inland and heeding less the great world without, our imagination will at times turn backward, and roaming through days which never come again, we will behold in all the beauty of his youth this young and kindly man, unharmed and undefiled by the sins of this world, with resistless energy devoting the best and happiest years of his life to the interest of this, our Club and of this, our city.

## Thon. Robert Th. Miles

You will remember that as the henchman of Roderick Dhu sped from glen to glen through the Highlands, carrying the cross of fire that called Clan Alpine to battle, he came upon the kinsmen of Duncan, bearing his body to its last home; and as the mourners wound their way along the rugged mountain path they sang a dirge which is not only one of the most beautiful recorded expressions of human grief, but, considering the differences of place and circumstance, is peculiarly appropriate to the occasion that brings us together.

He is gone on the mountain,  
He is lost to the forest,  
Like a summer-dried fountain,  
When our need was the sorest.  
The font, reappearing,  
From the raindrops shall borrow,  
But to us comes no cheering,  
To Duncan no morrow!

The hand of the reaper  
Takes the ears that are hoary,  
But the voice of the weeper  
Wails manhood in glory.



The autumn winds rushing  
Waft the leaves that are searest,  
But our flower was in flushing,  
When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,  
Sage council in cumber,  
Red hand in the foray,  
How sound is thy slumber!  
Like the dew on the mountain,  
Like the foam on the river,  
Like the bubble on the fountain,  
Thou art gone, and forever!

Only a few months ago this Club met in a great banquet hall to congratulate its outgoing president upon the successful close of a record-making year; to pour at his feet unstinted but well-earned praise; to estimate the foundation of character and endeavor he had already laid, and to predict the splendid superstructure of achievement which he was to build upon it in the coming years. No encomium was too strong to characterize his past; no hope seemed extravagant as we looked forward to his future. "Our flower was in flushing," but close at hand lurked the unseen shadow of that blighting which was so soon to wither all our hopes. And now, in this brief lapse of time, the end has come. The never-weary brain is stilled, the masterful hand is at rest. The foundation of splendid young manhood is a sacred memory—a

monument safe against the ravages of time; but the superstructure of which we dreamed shall never be built. The life work of Hope Reed Cody is done.

We call his death untimely, and it seems a reversal of nature that he is stricken down at the very threshold of a great career, while thousands linger superfluous on the stage of life, through the slow decadence of their powers. If life is to be measured by mere length of days, his end is indeed untimely; but to my mind, all of life worth living is made up of those hours of inspiration when the heart throbs quicker, when the brain works faster, when the pulse beats stronger, when all the sentiments and all the emotions are called into play, when hope and courage, tenderness and love lift us for the time above our normal selves. Such hours of exaltation give life its only value, and the intermediate stretches of dull monotony are endurable only because they are intermediate. Measured by this scale, Hope Reed Cody's life had reached the fullest standard of completeness, for he had sounded all the heights and depths of human effort and emotion; had known joy and grief, hope and love; struggle and success; had reached, in fact, the full stature of an accomplished manhood.

If our dead friend could have worked on till his years were doubled, and his deeds increased tenfold, he could have been no greater to us who knew him —no dearer to all that loved him. The measure of

a man is what he is, not what he does, and effort and achievement are only of consequence as the outward manifestation of his inner self. Every act of Hope Reed Cody's recent life bore the stamp of splendid character; his past was ample warrant for his future, and no future, however brilliant or however solid, could have added to his intrinsic worth.

But even if it be true that this swift ending robs our dear friend of no share of his birthright, we who survive him have none the less sustained an immeasurable loss. He was a born leader. He had great power; and he had, besides, what forceful men often lack, infinite tact, patience and courtesy, and an unerring sense of the relative proportion of things. He had no enemies; he was hampered by no jealousies. Most men reach the heights of success only by arduous toil, constantly impeded by the natural difficulties of the way, and hindered by those who would outstrip them in the race. He was one of those souls so gifted as to know no obstacles—so endowed as to command instinctive recognition. He had the right of way by unanimous consent. Such a man, animated by right motives, and impelled by honorable ambition, is a constant inspiration to his fellows. His life multiplies itself in other lives; and his death robs the community of a beneficent motive force.

I need not dwell upon the significance of this bereavement to the Hamilton Club. We, who were his fellow members, know well the ceaseless energy, the constant devotion with which he labored for the Club's advancement. The year of his presidency set a mark unapproached and unapproachable; and however great this organization may become, the historian who faithfully writes its record will find the turning point of its career in the splendid term of Hope Reed Cody. This great success was due, not alone to his own tireless exertions, but largely to the willing co-operation of every member with whom he came in contact. To know him was to love him, and to love him was to serve him without cavil or question. This was true of the whole body of our membership, but it was true in a special sense of the band of young men in the Club, to whom he was like a brother. Their loyalty and devotion to him knew no bounds. Led by him, they were the impelling force that swept the Club forward and fixed the lines of its movement. Under his leadership they would have been a power in the Club and in the State, and his death not only takes away the guiding spirit of their fellowship, but brings to each of them a personal and sacred grief. Nevertheless, they have the imperishable recollection of his love, the lasting impress of his character; and long after the rushing waves of life have covered the spot where he went down—when

his loss is still a tender, but no longer a painful memory—his influence will be a living force in all their hearts.

But when I read that Hope Reed Cody was dead my first thought was not for the State, nor for the Club, nor for myself, but for his father and his mother. We have all sustained a great loss; they have met with a calamity. Compared with them the rest of us are as strangers. He was of their flesh and blood, and in him their souls were born again. In this, their hour of grief, they stand together, apart from all the world, but, though they share a common sorrow, each bears a different and clearly distinguishable loss.

To the mother such a son as Hope is counselor, friend and protector—a shield and a support. Her just pride in him is boundless and she looks up to him with grateful wonder that he is indeed her son. But however much she leans upon and trusts him, her thoughts go back, half regretfully, to his cradle. She never quite releases the baby fingers that, in their first conscious movement, clutched aimlessly at her breast. The tender name by which she knew him first comes involuntarily to her lips when she speaks to him or of him, though its utterance may be checked by sudden recollection of the dignity of his mature manhood. However great his achievements may be, to her fond heart the red-letter days of his

career are in the dawning years of his life. His first smile, his first notice of color or of the motes dancing in the sunbeam, his first unassisted step, spanning the little space to her outstretched hands, the first lisplings of his infant speech—all the landmarks of his growth of body and of mind—these are the events that, to her, outlive in recollection all the later deeds that make his fame. While he lives her eyes look back through his present to his past, and when he dies she loses, not only the friend and companion, but the baby of long ago.

If the mother looks backward to the cradle of her son, the father's gaze is always on his future. From the moment the boy is born he is the embodiment, to the father, of all the possibilities of a noble manhood; and while the limit of the baby's world is still the narrow circle of his mother's arms, the father's impatient hopes run forward along the years and trace all the steps of his advancement.

Naturally enough, too, the way he thus marks out for his boy is that which in the years of his own early manhood seemed opening before him; and every milestone in its course is the memorial of some dream of his own bygone youth. The son is thus made successor to the father's inmost self, inheritor of his genius and realizer of his ideals. In him the father sees his own better nature, freed from every marring imperfection, advancing from strength

to strength, and atoning, by ceaseless successes, for his own failures and shortcomings. The boy is the father's hope and inspiration; and in his death the father is bereft, not only of his son, but of the crown of his own life—the promise of his own future.

As we stand here, my friends, in the shadow of this great misfortune, I mourn with you the loss sustained by the state and the community; I deplore the calamity that has befallen this Club, and I share the personal grief that has come to each one of its members; but when I think of the father and the mother of this splendid son, my heart bleeds as if he had been my own.

## **Hon. Martin B. Madden**

It was my privilege to be counted among the friends of the man, to honor whose memory this distinguished body of gentlemen meet to-day. I loved him for his many virtues. He was a loyal citizen of Chicago; his life was devoted to the advancement of its interests; he knew no work too hard, no obstacle too great to overcome, where the upbuilding of the city of his adoption was the object.

He was a distinguished member of this Club; to his untiring work and genius it owes its present standing in the community; his name and work are indelibly inscribed on the pages of its history; they will stand before the generations that are to follow us, as a monument to his fearless honesty and ability.

His genial disposition, courteous bearing and accommodating nature made him highly esteemed and a much beloved man.

He will be missed by all who knew him. He was modest and unassuming, charitable and forgiving; he was a noble citizen, he had the confidence of the community. We all looked forward with pleasant anticipations to the great career that lay before him.



He claimed no superior wisdom but he was familiar with all the great questions of the day. He was proud of the party of which he was an honored member.

He loved Chicago and gloried in her supremacy. He was a wise counselor, a safe adviser, a true friend, a man on whose judgment one could rely.

His systematic methods, his wide knowledge and uniform courtesy, made his advice much sought after on all matters relating to the affairs of this Club. In his social relations he was greatly admired. He had a wide circle of friends. He was a man of fine attainments. His life was one of loving kindness, such as makes the world better, home brighter, friends dearer.

He is at rest from his labors. His memory will remain dear to our hearts during the few remaining years of life. The recollections of our association with him in the past will serve to lighten the burden of sorrow caused by his untimely death.

His home life was one of continued sunshine, one of joy, happiness and contentment. The loving wife who watched over him during the last days of sickness, with a devotion and affection that always lightened the burdens and cares of his busy life, will mourn his loss. We can sympathize with her in her affliction, but our sympathy will fall far short of filling the void caused by the death of our esteemed

friend, our fellow citizen, and his friends will be glad to know that his former associates have so far remembered the work and life of Hope Reed Cody as to pay this last beautiful tribute to his memory.

No one could feel the death of a citizen more than I feel that of Mr. Cody. Our relations were of the most friendly nature. His faults were few, his virtues many.

The members of this Club whom he so ably represented as its president, loved him for his manly qualities, his honesty of purpose, and his unselfish devotion to their interests. It is fitting that the Club should meet to-day, to honor the memory of the man who distinguished himself as its presiding officer, and lent added luster to the name of the great statesman in whose honor it was named. This tribute is one worthy of the Club.

## Rush C. Butler

Though I were to possess the power of mind and sweetness of speech, which were so notably his, the tribute of words I venture to offer to the memory of Hope Reed Cody must fail, even as a minute fails of eternity. To have known him was a privilege rare among men; to have been his friend was a bounteous bestowal of the Providence of God. As I knew him in the walks of life, saw him from day to day, conversed and was happy with him, I marveled at the might of his mind; not a faculty blemished, not a function impaired, no interference or friction between the working parts; and withal, every mental quality as clean-cut and brilliant as a diamond.

If I were to characterize him by the quality of his heart, which distinguished him and set him apart from and above his fellow men, I would call him Love. I trust I am not carried from the truth by blind affection when I say that, of the younger men in Chicago, he loved most and was most loved. His was so fine as well as so large a capacity for loving, that it not only dispelled all jealousy among the rivals for his affection, but bound them, almost as closely as to him, one to another. Such was the grandeur of

his soul that the more of us he loved, the stronger was his love for each one of us.

My thoughts of him at this time are almost wholly connected with the Hamilton Club, as it was here I first met him, in the old quarters on Lake Park Avenue, and it is in connection with the Hamilton Club I wish now to speak of him. At the time of our first meeting, he had already endeared himself to many of the hearts and homes of this city by his brilliant leadership of the United Christian Endeavor Societies of the South Side. He was at that time also the beloved chief of a fraternity whose membership numbered far into the thousands. His ability as a leader this Club had already recognized by making him chairman of its most important committee. At the subsequent election he received the unanimous vote of the Club for President. His genius could have no better field in which to prove itself. His quick wit, his gentle way, his ability and loving kindness combined to form an indefinable something which drew forth the respect and love of every one who knew him. He had as perfect command over men of sixty as over men of twenty-five. To the task assigned by him, each one went with youthful delight. The enthusiasm of his spirit was contagious. His mere suggestion of good that might be done for the Club took us from our work and put us at his command; it untied the purse strings

of the treasury and turned loose the dollars by hundreds and thousands; it sent members the length and breadth of the country on missions for the Club; it took Senators and Congressmen from their professional and political duties, and enlisted their services under his direction; judges adjourned their courts and came from the bench in answer to his call; the men who represent the energy and wealth of the nation gave gladly and liberally of their time and money when he told them it was for the Club's benefit. Consulting with a score of committees and a thousand working members, enlarging the policies of the Club; getting out from under one tremendous load of responsibility only to assume another, during the entire year of his matchless leadership, never was there protest, or objection to his plans. Nothing save a constitutional prohibition could have prevented his unanimous election to succeed himself as chief executive. His record as President need not now be recited. It is an open book before us all. The warmth and light that radiated from his heart revived the dormant energies of the Club and thrilled it with a new life. To his efforts is due the splendid success now attained. The prevailing harmony and good-will among the members pay tribute to his name. He transformed this Club into a fraternity. It is from this day forward our sacred duty to make the Hamilton Club of Chicago a monument to his memory.

## Thon. James R. Mann

He budded out in early youth and blossomed with full brilliancy in early manhood. And he was growing larger and stronger and more beautiful in character when he was taken away. He had a mind strong and firm, but this was not his leading characteristic. He had a peculiar charm of personal affection which clustered men around him because they loved him and wished to please him. In his ability to control the actions of others and to thus accomplish his undertakings through love instead of force or fear, he was truly great.

His introduction into Republican politics, and almost his introduction to his political neighbors, was his appointment as one of the five town committeemen from his ward, and his election as chairman of the Hyde Park Republican Town Committee when that committee was authorized to select the candidates for constables in the Town of Hyde Park. There were many candidates and his chairmanship gave him a wielding influence. But he handled himself so graciously and so discreetly as to gain the confidence of the politicians, always on the lookout for a rising star.

I watched his rapid development with almost amazement, but I noticed how his soul seemed to enlarge with each new enterprise. His memory has grown upon me since his death as his personality grew upon me during his life. It seems so sad that one so young, so brilliant, so true and so filled with all the best there is in man, should be taken out of the world, which needed his service so much.

My affection for him is well known. Those who met him for the first time began to have their heart strings pulled by his genial presence. But we had lived as neighbors—only three doors apart. My only boy and his only boy were fond playmates. We had worked together in our precinct club and at the polls; in the politics of the ward and of the city, as well as of the Hamilton Club. We had frolicked together like boys at West Baden, and had walked through the dust and the heat, with grime and sweat on our faces and tears in our eyes and hearts at Montauk, when the country's soldier boys returned from Cuba. We had bathed and swam together at Ocean Grove, and walked and driven together admiring, with swelling pride, the beautiful and stately buildings and the magnificent streets of the capital of the nation. We had, in thought, traversed the mountains of California over which ran the scenic railroad in which he was interested. We watched

with equal anxiety the passage of a bill through Congress and rejoiced with equal gladness when it became a law.

He confided in me the secrets of his heart, when disappointment came in place of the Mastership which he had expected, as well as when his worth was recognized by his appointment as election commissioner.

It is no wonder that I learned to love him and to look upon him as partly my own. Neither of us ever said an impatient word to the other. Each was always willing to defer to the other, and there was one friend to whom we both deferred—the one who made us first acquainted and who always retained the equal affection of our hearts.

But a year ago I helped to lay away one of my dearest friends, whom I regarded somewhat in the light of one of my boys. Again the inevitable has come. I would feel bowed with sorrow if I did not remember that these two always looked adversity smilingly in the face and marched on with the bravery of great soldiers.



## **Hon. Christian C. Kohlsaat**

Hope Reed Cody—dead. I close my eyes and see him now. Alert, keen, kindly, manly and handsome. Such an one as good men and women honor and love at first sight. In all my experience with and observation of men, young and old, I have never seen one who so instantly commanded respect and admiration as he did. My acquaintance with him was almost wholly in those fields so honorably occupied by the Hamilton Club, the genius and force of which Club his bright life most strikingly typified.

Clear, logical and forceful in thought; elegant, captivating and convincing in speech; he never failed to impress his audience in a marvelous manner.

Of his public career I need not speak, for, young though he was, all Chicago had abundant opportunity to judge him.

To me he was as a younger brother. His many delightful attentions abundantly testified to me his loving, generous spirit, for I had no special claim upon him. It was just his nature. He was more than kind, he was aggressively and tactfully thoughtful. He came into one's presence as a sunbeam, warm and effulgent, and he came often.

Many of you are young men, as was he, but you may not, for this cause, claim him as peculiarly your own, for the honest heart is always young. The hair may be gray; the hand may tremble; the body may be weak and the limbs refuse to carry their burden; but the spirit is undimmed and loves and entwines eternally. So Hope Reed Cody came into the affections of those who seemed to most of you to be men living entrenched within impregnable and repellent reserve. They grieve with you to-day. How keen, then, must be the sorrow of the wife and parents. With tear-dimmed eyes and bowed heads we tender them the consolation of our profound sympathy. His day was short and brilliant. His night came all too soon. While yet there lingered in his heart our sad "good nights" he woke to hear the angels say "good morning." So melts life's nightfall into heaven's dawn. God grant his mantle has fallen on some of you, that his kind may not perish from the earth.

## Patrick H. O'Donnell

It is one of life's great blessings that we are raised by the influence of the sweet youth that has gone before. It is so with a great life. It is one of life's blessings that the influence of noble actions seems to roll back upon our souls and fills us with noble impulses and higher motives.

I scarce knew our dead brother, but it seemed to me that if God ever wanted again to re-preach the sermon on the mount, it could be done over the grave of Hope Reed Cody, because it is from there that the true life of men seems again to arise and be proclaimed to his brethren. I knew him but little, but in what I did know in his life it seemed to me that his heart was set on following the harmony of nature, as man is destined to follow it. Every act of his life seemed to be prompted by a Christian motive. We speak of him as a member of this Club, as we would speak of our brother, if the circle about the hearthstone should be broken and he be called to his rest. Hope Reed Cody was more than a member of this Club—more than a member of our party. He was more than a party man. He was

a full grown patriot; one of the few men who have come into my life who seem to have espoused politics for the pure idea of elevating our country and the common brotherhood of all mankind. In this Club, where I came as a stranger, and where I met him, I felt at home. I met him as a brother and met its members as a brother. I always had the possibilities of his future in my mind from the first time I met him, but it took possession of me that night when I saw the nation's gathering of heroes from the South and from the Northland, when with him as President, this Club spoke out the brotherly love that Grant meant when he said at Appomattox "Let us have peace." It was then that I recognized his power and said that he was one of those who stand as a tower among our great men.

He was a man who attempted to harmonize the discords of our people and to bring them into a common brotherhood, and as such stamped himself as one of our great patriots. When music is gone, we seem again to hear it as it rolls back and to give it out from our own souls; so when a great life passes away, its acts come to us, and we feel it is our duty to give it out again to all mankind. We know not the infinite wisdom that has called our brother to the great beyond from whose bourne no traveler returns, but we know as young men, as citizens, as true Christian patriots, that he has given

us a duty to perform, to live out the life that God took from Hope Reed Cody just when it was blossoming in beauty. Let us do it so that when we come to the last act of life we can be like him, we can meet our pilot face to face when we have crossed the bar.

## Hon. John H. Batten

Standing in the Court of Honor and looking at the Peristyle, the eye caught sight of that wonderful inscription: "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." What is truth? This question has been in the minds and upon the lips of all thinking people, through all the ages. If a man die, shall he yet live? Is there life beyond the grave? "It must be so—Plato thou reasonest well—else why this lingering hope, this fond desire, this longing after immortality?" Tearing aside the thin veil that separates this world from the next, and things that are seen from those that are not seen, Hope Reed Cody has learned the truth. Could we but see as he now sees, how much easier could we say: "Thy will be done?" He has not only learned the truth—he is free! Free from the trials and tribulations of this mortal life. Free from suffering and sorrow. For Hope I cannot grieve. "Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution, he lives whom we call dead."

It was my privilege to know Hope Reed Cody all his life. I knew him as boy and man. Nature had richly endowed him. He was always bright and happy. He always had the faculty of making and holding friends. He came naturally by this. He was a reproduction of his father, Judge Hiram H. Cody, who was County Clerk and County Judge of and Circuit Judge from Du Page County and a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1870.

Many a time have I seen Hope going to the station at Naperville with his father, when the Judge was going away to attend to his duties on the circuit, their arms around each other. Tenderly did they love. Lord Byron's words come to me when thinking of them: "The youngest, whom our father loved, because our mother's brow was given to him, with eyes as blue as heaven."

Hope Reed Cody was not only bright and happy; he was courageous, ambitious and honest. No undertaking was too great, no task was too difficult for him. His motto was "Excelsior." He was the peer of any man of his age. The gentlemen of the Hamilton Club know this as well as I. He will be very greatly missed by this Club—in his home—in his church—in the Board of Election Commissioners—by his profession and numerous friends.

Using the words of Shakespeare, I say: "He was

a man, take him for all in all, I shall not look upon his like again." But—

“He is not dead, the child of our affection,  
But gone unto that school,  
Where he no longer needs our poor protection,  
And Christ Himself doth rule.”

May he forever bask in the sunlight of God's love  
and may light perpetual shine upon him.



## Roger Sherman

We have lost from our midst a man who was easily first in many of the qualities that we most admire and revere. His adaptability, his insight into character, his quickness to reach a conclusion, his tact, his ability to fill any position he was called on to occupy, were nothing short of genius. His ideals were high, but he was not impractical. He was steadfast of purpose, and to his own conscience true. He was generous to a fault. He dealt with all men fairly. His ability seemed equal to any emergency; his strength commensurate with any task.

But above and beyond all else he loved his fellow men. His heart was as broad and as deep as the ocean, and was full of warm, red blood. All men loved him as a brother. This is the reason men wept as children when they heard that he was dead. This is the reason it is so hard for you and me to give him up—because we loved him—not because we admired and respected his transcendent ability, not because he had an unbounded future before him—but just because we loved him.

If I ever have a boy, I think I shall name him "Hope," and I will tell him of the friend his father

loved so well, away back in the old days when the Hamilton Club knit a band of young men together with a bond that death itself could not sever. I will teach him to strive for the same ideals the first Hope strove for; to treat all men as fairly and as unselfishly; to be as brave and courageous in difficulty, and as warm-hearted and loving as was my friend and yours.

With all its sadness this occasion is not without its recompense. Each of us is a better man for having passed through the grief of the past two weeks. Each has had his horizon broadened, and each is thankful that he has been permitted to know such a loving character, and to feel the spell of such a noble presence. His earthly body has been laid to rest, but his soul goes marching on.

“Thou canst not wholly perish, though the sod  
Sink with its violets closer to thy breast;  
Though by the feet of generations trod  
The headstone crumbles from thy place of rest.

“The marvel of thy beauty cannot die;  
The sweetness of thy presence shall not fade;  
Earth gave not all the glory of thine eye,—  
Death may not keep what Death has never made.

“It was not thine, that forehead strange and cold,  
Nor those dumb lips they hid beneath the snow;  
*Thy* heart would throb beneath that passive fold,  
*Thy* hands for me that stony clasp forego.

“But thou hast gone,—gone from the dreary land,  
Gone from the storms let loose on every hill,  
Lured by the sweet persuasion of a hand  
Which leads thee somewhere in the distance still.

“Where'er thou art, I know thou wearest yet  
The same bewildering beauty, sanctified  
By calmer joy, and touched with soft regret  
For him who seeks, but cannot reach thy side.

“I keep for thee the living love of old,  
And seek thy place in Nature as a child,  
Whose hand is parted from his playmate's hold,  
Wanders and cries along a lonesome wild.”

## Edwin A. Munger

Mr. Cody was but twenty-nine years old as measured by the change of seasons, and the shock of his death must have brought to each of us the same double feeling of regret and sorrow. Regret and sorrow that we shall not again see his smile nor hear his hearty greeting when we assemble in the places where he was always sure to be with us. The almost overwhelming thought that we must now pursue our way without his affectionate advice and warm comradeship, is associated with the regret that a life so full of brilliant promise and so seemingly necessary to all of us in a thousand ways, should so soon pass into the shadow of the grave. Yet, looking at the work performed, the permanent record of duties faithfully fulfilled, at the marvelous achievement in official capacity, who shall say that Hope Reed Cody has not lived out a full lifetime?

When he passed into the spiritual world, everyone who knew him felt a sense of great personal loss. Those who knew him even casually felt the loss of a great and true friend, while to those who had the rare privilege of knowing him well, the loss was as that of a brother. It is to me a matter of peculiar significance that each one felt that his loss

was greater than that of any other, for each one loved him best. Mr. Cody was the incarnation of that warming, pulsing human love with which he not only loved others, but drew others to love him, and to love him once was to love him always. This one word, love, is the true expression of his whole life and it seems to me that the greatest and most lasting service our friend and brother did for the Hamilton Club was to teach our members to love one another and not to be ashamed to show it. His smile melted factional strife as the sunshine warms the frost from the frozen earth, and his ready tact drew the factions together as brothers, before they knew it.

Through all he thought or wrote, in all he said or did, shine constantly the golden beams of love.

He stood before us in his daily life the highest type of an American gentleman; one for whom no ideal was too high to be made real, no theory too beautiful to be made practical, no hope for the human race too great for human realization. He lived the life of constant endeavor, true to his God and to himself, and while he has passed through the curtain, beyond which our earthly vision cannot penetrate, he has left us a heritage of high principle and incentive to courageous endeavor that shall endure as long as there is a Hamilton Club. To his memory let us build up this Club and make it a living monument such as no young man has ever had.

## **Hon. Albert C. Barnes**

We are prone to think that death stands aloof from the dash of intrepid youth and the brave, bold mien of vigorous manhood; and we are appalled, we are shocked, we are stunned when he substitutes his grim visage for the face of smiling youth and forever stills the beating of a hopeful heart.

It was but yesterday that our friend was with us, that his genial smile gladdened our greeting, that the pressure of his hand quickened our pulses, that his kindly words kindled our spirits. And now he has gone. With the race of life just begun, with the flush of success upon his brow, with hope as brilliant as the morning star, with promise beckoning him on with her partial glance, with dauntless energy inciting every effort, and love and friendship quickening every step, he dropped in his course to leave the swift race to others and to quit forever the field of mortal activities. He had so far outstripped the companions of his years that victory already held out to him her laurel wreath. The goal was not distant when he dropped to earth. The throb of life ceased when his step was quickest, and the pallor of death came when the effulgence of success was brightest.

Death is sad whenever and wherever it comes; but when it steps in to check life at its fastest tide, when with pitiless approach and withering touch it comes to buoyant youth—at the time when energy is greatest, when hope is brightest, when success is nearest and life is dearest—then its sadness overpowers our efforts toward reconciliation and forces us into the depths of impenetrable gloom.

Our friend has gone, but not without leaving, at an age when few become known and in a community where few of whatever age can be well known, the impress of a lofty nature, of an unusual ability and of a sterling character. What we have lost by his death must ever remain the subject of mournful conjecture. What we have gained by his life cannot be gauged merely by his brilliant accomplishments and successful deeds, but must be measured by the subtle, abiding influence of his many virtues and of the rich, rare qualities of his heart and mind. These I would enshrine in sacred memory rather than disfigure by feeble description.

Whatever visible signs of respect we may erect to his memory will perish; whatever words of tribute we may utter are fleeting. We cannot add to nor abate from the real influences of his life. But he will still live to assured memory and growing influences through the living organization of this Club, upon which he stamped his personality and fixed the impress of his political genius.

Love will still pay tender devotion to his name; art will lend its offices to perpetuate his memory; the places that have known him will raise impressive suggestions of his absence; the changed home will hold him in love and memory changeless; and as long as our recollection shall go back to the years when his life was a part of ours, so long shall we cherish, honor and respect his memory. And we shall pass on, noting the lengthening shadows and lifting our heads from sorrow to catch a ray of light from his useful and noble life, and to gather new inspiration for the duties that fall upon us.



## Hon. Robert McDurdy

In this rushing city, among the many with whom, in middle life, we associate, those whose characters we really know are few. Those whom we count our intimate friends, we see but seldom. This is in part the price of metropolitan life.

But once or twice in a generation, there greets us some genial, frank and loving nature that scatters to the winds all rules and theories, makes known a character as open as a book, and commands our warmest friendship at a single meeting. Such was Hope Reed Cody!

Since his connection with this Club, my relations with him have been most intimate, and to such an extent did he win my affections that I felt he was of my own blood. In one of my kin I could not have taken more pride or pleasure, and it is a singular tribute to his nature that so many of us bore him the same feeling. In the space of a lifetime those who command such devotion are not many. (At present I recall but one—George Driggs.) Accordingly, this blow falls heavily upon all of us.

But because the skies are dark, the sun obscured, the air chilled, we cannot forget the responsibilities

of life. Let us remember the bright day that has passed and consider what of its sunlight we can absorb, to guide or cheer us on our way. Let us appropriate whatever of homely lesson we can from the beautiful life that has gone out.

We know, now, that politics may be earnestly pursued, even to the reward of political place, without stain or contamination. We have been taught from his last hours, and that pathetic message entrusted by him to his brother, that, in the contest of life, in the heat and sweat, we may engage in the fight for existence, without acrimony and yet with fervor, firmly believing in a Savior and a future life, and yet without cant or undue profession. In studying such a real success as his, attained with no sting of jealousy or envy, the young men of this Club in particular may learn that, while unusual qualities of heart and mind, inherited and acquired, contributed to the result, that result would have been impossible without industry. The laborious effort which resulted in the magnificent banquet upon the anniversary of "the first day of peace" is but an example of his labors in behalf of this Club which were crowned with marked success; appropriately, too, for the capacity for achievement so notable in our patron saint was largely due to habits of industry which were a source of continual surprise to his cotemporaries.

But, after all is said and analysis has exhausted

itself, there remains yet unaccounted for a something indescribable which we designate as personality. When we have satisfied ourselves as to all the attributes of a man, we cannot combine them and reproduce a character. Something is wanting. So, in memory, we must bid good-bye to the perfect Hope Reed Cody. The spirit which illuminated the boy and the soul which animated the man have slipped away and are lost, but, we believe, not lost forever. We shall see him again as he was, and this will not be the only reunion. The words of Horace Greeley, as I remember them, come back from the past:

“God keep me worthy of thy love through the long, weary years that are yet to come, till we meet in the land where the loving re-unite, to be parted no more forever.”

## **Hon. John C. Everett**

In the long course of history few characters are as pathetic as Moses. Forty years he lived in the palace of the Pharaohs, receiving instruction in the magic, the mysteries, the state craft and the learning of the Egyptians. He rose to the command of an army, was endowed with the priesthood and seemed almost to rival the great Joseph. He departed from the capitol and went to dwell with the shepherds in the land of Midian. For forty years he lived a pastoral life in their midst, and there in seclusion received the message of his great mission. He returned to Egypt and became the leader and lawgiver of his people, and for forty years he led them in the wilderness. His struggles over, he was about to enter the land of plenty when he was called upon the mount. High upon the peak of Pisgah he stood and beheld at his feet the land of promise. He saw the fertile valleys and the rushing waters, the green hillsides dotted with the purpling vineyards, the walled cities with their treasures, while over and beyond these he beheld the green boughs of the cedars of Lebanon, beneath whose cool

shade were rest and peace. But a voice spake from the depths and he was no more. His to achieve, the hope of a hundred and twenty years at his feet, yet not his to enjoy.

He in whose memory we have met to-day was born and reared in a home of culture and plenty. He passed through the periods of childhood and of youth and had conquered his way to fame in his young manhood. At the early age of twenty-nine he stood upon the mountain top. His friends were without number; from the highest in the land to the most lowly, yet all meeting on an equality, in the pure democracy of his friendship. Rapidly did he achieve success in the affairs of the world, and yet more rapidly did he achieve the greater success of winning the hearts of his fellows. Standing upon the mountain top of their affections, a loving wife by his side, his hand clasping that of a son and heir, with political, professional and social advancement merely awaiting his demand, surely he might look over into the land of promise. At his feet lay the green valley of peace and plenty, the purling of whose pure streams was music to his ears; here and there were the vineyards laden with the perfect fruit of his early ripening joys, and beyond stood the walled cities of his future achievements, while back of them lay the promise of a happy old age, beneath the cool shades of the forests of the cedars of Lebanon. But the

voice of Immutable Destiny spake to him and he hearkened unto it. The voice was strong and he stayed his steps; the voice was low and said "Come," and he obeyed; and the voice was kind and said "Higher, yet higher, oh my son," and he went on.

Most subtle and beautiful, most gentle and powerful of all the emotions that sway the human soul is friendship. It comes into our lives like the peaceful breaking of the dawn and reaches its meridian when sorrow and adversity come to us; even the night of death cannot blot it out, for like a fixed star shining from the depths of the remotest heavens, it yet sheds its radiance about us to give us hope.

My friend is going to Rome and bids me go with him. I cannot go to-day for my task is not complete and he goes on. By the morrow my labor is done and I follow him. Each day of my journey I wish he were with me. When I am footsore I fain would lean upon him; when I am weary I fain would lay my head upon his breast, and when I am alone I would that I might reach out my hand in the darkness and again clasp his and know that my soul stood not alone; yet I travel on, for this I know, that when my ship shall come to port and her sails are furled, I shall see standing upon the outmost reaches of the harbor him whom I love; and when my voyage is done and I have come to shore, do I not know that first of all the great company my

friend shall rush upon me and clasp my hand, and in that hour the long, lone journey shall be forgot.

I congratulate you, my friends, that it was given to us to know Hope Reed Cody. Beautiful in life, his memory is still as beautiful and strong, and the encouragement of his life as great as if he were still with us.

“He scarce had need to doff his pride or slough the  
dross of earth—  
E’en as he trod that day to God so walked he from  
his birth,  
In simpleness and gentleness and honour and clean  
mirth.

Beyond the loom of the last lone star, through open  
darkness hurled,  
Further than rebel comet dared or hiving star-swarm  
swirled,  
Sits he with those that praise our God for that they  
served His world.”

## David S. Geer

As we come here in the presence of this great mystery to-day, with shadows from the unknown world casting their gloom across our pathway, it is not, it seems to me, irreverent for us to stop and ask each other what it means. To me it is an impressive sight to stand before the portrait, in which somehow the forces of nature have caught up and hold before us in yonder bank of flowers and ferns the likeness of our friend, and to listen to the gentle and tender tones of love for him, and sympathy for his loved ones, which we have heard expressed to-day. Our friend has gone down in the very springtime of life, with all the sky full of promise. His was a life devoted to high and worthy ambition; a life pure, and actuated with exalted ideas; with a great capacity for leadership, an earnest zeal for the promotion of every right cause.

They say he is dead; they tell us he is no more.

I cannot believe that Hope Reed Cody is dead. Some philosopher has told us that

“It is only before death,  
And not in death,  
That death is death.”



This much I know, that in the great church yonder, the other day, filled with young men and old, paying their respects to the last of our departed friend, I thought I saw an expression of friendship which it must be cannot die. Over the bier of our friend there seemed to drop from the great foundation of sympathy above the world a golden band binding every troubled heart below, to the great one beyond the sky of blue. Nothing that is truly good can die. In nature we see the rose fall before the frost, and we mourn through the winter time; but in the spring, where a single flower fell, we see a thousand roses bloom; and so I believe it is with human life.

From his life we learn the value of honest, earnest effort; we have gathered inspiration from our friendship with him, and this Club, his pride, means more to you and me because Hope Reed Cody lived and wrought. He has made for us an opportunity to work for the greatest welfare of this community, and we miss the best lesson of his life, if we fail to give to those about us all that is good and true within us.

To his wife and boy we would speak words of tender sympathy as they sorrow alone; with his brothers and sisters we join in their deep sorrow; we are inspired by the magnificent Christian faith of the dear old father and mother of our departed friend,

as they followed their boy to his tomb. Tender hands have carried our friend back and placed him among the evergreens, at the home of his birth. His body rests there, his memory lingers here, and we look through the tomb to the dawn of a brighter day, and in the words of the great hearted man, whose tears moistened and made sacred the grave of our friend at Naperville, the other day, we say: "Good night, Hope! We will see you in the morning."

## William R. Payne

A young life has been cut off just as its sun was approaching meridian height. Though he had lived but a short time, yet in that brief space he had lived more years than many men who have lived three score years and ten, and it was my privilege to call him my friend.

I knew him not so well in the Hamilton Club as I did in other societies which brought us nearer each other. The secret of his strength lay in his ability to approach any man, however great, and look him in the face and say, "I want you to do this for me," and that man, whoever he was, never found it in his heart to say "no."

You tell me he is dead? Tell me that the chrysalis on which we recently looked is Hope Reed Cody? Oh, no! Hope Reed Cody is not dead. When the veil of our earthly temple has been rent in twain, as his has been rent in twain, when our mortal shall have put on immortality, and the gates are swung ajar, and our encased spirits have gone into the "house not made with hands," then we will not look through the glass darkly, as we are looking through it to-day, but we shall meet our

friend and brother face to face. "Dust thou art, to dust returneth, was not written of the soul."

To give up a life like this, to be cut off from this association, to have a home bereft and an orphan boy left, is sad, sad indeed. But the Hamilton Club is to be congratulated upon holding a meeting of this kind at this time. Because our friend, our companion and leader has gone on before, greater is the burden resting upon us. Our duty is not done when we have closed this memorial service; we owe a duty to that aged father and mother, to the bereaved wife, and it is the duty of every member of this Hamilton Club to ever watch the progress of, and to place a helping hand behind the back of that infant child, that he shall grow and develop into true manhood, and be an honor to the community as was his distinguished father. It is true our friend has fallen asleep. It is true we are bereft. It is true he has gone. It is true that the state, the city, the government, and especially the Hamilton Club, all have lost a friend and we an associate, one upon whom we could always rely, but the fact that these things have occurred only makes our duty greater, and if we live up to the high standard of manhood which we should, and to which our departed friend would have us, it will fall upon us to see to it that the high ideals conceived by him shall be faithfully executed.

I know it would be trespassing upon your time should I speak longer. My friend, your friend, has gone, and though we linger but a moment, we weep, we mourn, and to-morrow we take up the tasks of life, but ere long we shall awake to realize that the life which we hold with so much pride, and to which we cling with so much tenacity, is after all but the beginning of the everlasting end. To-day we look through the glass darkly, and mourn; to-morrow we shall see face to face, and rejoice. Now we know in part; then shall we know even also as we are known.

## Alexander H. Revell

I was not fortunate in having known Hope Reed Cody as long as many of those present. I knew him personally for about two years, but in that comparatively short time I came to feel as though I had known him from boyhood. There was something about that youthful face, that pleasing smile and bright interested eye, that gentleness of manner and congeniality with all, that impressed and won me as they impressed and won others. I do not know when, in recent years, I felt a greater shock than on taking up the morning paper nearly two weeks ago and reading, "Cody is near unto death," and then again in the afternoon paper, "Cody is dead."

The sun was bright that day, but there was no warmth in it for some of us. It seemed to me, in addition to the sense of personal loss which I felt, that it was the passing of the brightest individual future in all our city—a future able and ready to accept and conquer opportunities which were sure to come.

Hope Reed Cody was a citizen of Chicago, and

when we use that sometimes under-valued and misunderstood word "citizen," in referring to him, you know it is not misplaced.

He was not one of those citizens who merely talked on the street, in the cars, or at the club and then left the real battle for the other fellow. He believed that his obligations as a citizen were not discharged until by action and conscientious work, *he did something*. From this feeling there came the strong ambition to help the people and strengthen the glory of his city.

It seemed easy for him to understand and sympathize with other men. As the President of this Club, or as the President of the Board of Election Commissioners, or as an alert and loyal attorney, he was not so busily engaged but that he could find time to talk to the young man in search of advice and comfort, or to be constantly working and planning in the interest of a purer and better municipal government. Delving into the problems presented, his instincts and suggestions were always honest, always patriotic.

He is gone, but young though he was, we know he did not live in vain. I do not believe there is one in this room who was not deeply impressed, as I was, by his noble character, and who will not to some extent endeavor to emulate it. This is an enduring monument.

And so our final tribute to him is in these words  
from Burns:

"Oh ye, whose cheek the tear of pity stains,  
    Draw near with pious reverence and attend;  
Here lie the loving husband's dear remains,  
    The tender father and the generous friend;  
The pitying heart that felt for human woe;  
    The dauntless heart that feared no human pride;  
The friend of man, to vice alone a foe;  
    For e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side."



## **Hon. Arthur Diron**

We are gathered this afternoon to pay a tribute of honor to our late departed friend, Hope Reed Cody, and we could not have chosen a more fitting place to come together to do him honor than here in this Club, which he loved, and which he served so well.

I am glad of the privilege at this time to add my testimony to what has been so eloquently expressed in words and tears by the members of the Club this afternoon.

In the prime of his public career and usefulness he was called to his higher home. We deeply deplore his loss and would recall him if we could, for we feel the need of him. We loved him for what he was and we loved him for what he did. A clear and bright mind, such as his, is always sublime; it is like the sunrise, it awakens and glorifies everything; you see and you feel its radiance.

This Club owes a great debt to Hope Reed Cody. No member has ever devoted more time or energy in building up this organization than he. It was his foresight that planned and projected its establishment in the center of this great city. This Club has lost one of its most ardent advocates and devoted

friends, one of its most able representatives, and this city one of its truest citizens. He did much to arouse and foster a national sentiment among the citizens of Chicago. He well knew that the prosperity of the people demanded from this rising generation a patriotism guided by religion and morality. His integrity and true friendship and persuasiveness gave him an influence which made him a leader among his fellow men. He was an able, bright and intelligent Christian man. The press has been unanimous in speaking highly of him. Difference of opinion never made an enemy among them. He was too big for that. He loved this Club as he loved his family, and this organization will long remember and speak of him with pride.

Life is like a journey at sea, coming from somewhere, going somewhere, daylight only after darkness, now clothed in sunshine, now veiled in shadow. These are our surroundings. We must go forward. We must guard ourselves at all times and be ever ready when death comes. For the joys of life are few and its shadows are many. They chase each other through life like the waves on the ocean's bosom. Crosses are found on every hand in the journey of life, but this life is the vestibule of something better.

We all believe that his soul has gone in peace to dwell with his Maker.

## Conrad J. Gundlach

In memory of our dear, beloved friend, Hope Reed Cody, I desire to say that I was deeply affected at the sad news of his death. I had known him only about two years, but during that time I became very much attached to him, and shall always remember his charming personality as it was manifested during our trip to Albany to attend the inauguration of Governor Roosevelt. I have traveled all over the United States and have never made the acquaintance of any young or old man who possessed so much magnetism as our brilliant and noble leader, Mr. Cody. This brave and tender man in every storm of life was oak and rock, but in the sunshine he was vine and flower. He was the friend of all heroic souls; he climbed the heights and left all superstition far below, while on his forehead fell the golden dawning of a grander day. He united a peculiar elegance of mind and manners with the advantages of a pleasing person. With loyal heart and with the purest hands he faithfully discharged all public trusts. Every sweet, unselfish act is now a perfumed flower. I extend to the mourners my heartfelt sympathy in their affliction.

## Abner C. Fish

Silence is the symbol of deep grief when the loss is too great to be expressed in words. Surely no words of mine can adequately express the loss of the Hamilton Club in the death of Hope Reed Cody, and yet it is well for his associates to meet together, as we do to-day, and express, as best we may, our estimate of his worth. His death brings to my mind the words of a great author expressing "a mighty, universal truth."

"When death strikes down the innocent and young, for every fragile form from which he lets the panting spirit free, a hundred virtues rise in shapes of mercy, charity and love, to walk the world and bless it. Of every tear that sorrowing mortals shed on such green graves, some good is born, some gentler nature comes. In the steps of the Destroyer there spring up bright creations which defy his power, and his dark path becomes a way of light to heaven."

The "bright creations" that spring out of the short, noble life of Hope Reed Cody, will help light the pathway of every thoughtful man, young or old, with whom he came in contact. That can be said of

him, which, truthfully can be said of few men—"The longer and better we knew him the more we loved him." His enthusiasm in every good cause was so genuine and so inspiring as to give an actual uplift to every one who came within the magic sphere of his influence.

No man could do, in one year of leadership, what he did for the Hamilton Club, without unbounded enthusiasm for the simple truth, and great ability unmixed with selfish ambition. In the sense that "we live in deeds, not years," Hope Reed Cody's one score and nine, was longer than the three score and ten allotted to many.

He so lived and so acted his part in this great city that the "bright creations" springing out of his blessed memory, make even the dark shadow of Death to shine.

## George W. Dixon

It was my highly esteemed privilege to be closely connected with our departed friend in his work as president of the Hamilton Club, which entered on a new era of prosperity under his auspices. He took pride in his association with our Club, convinced of the greatness of its mission and active and fruitful career. His executive and platform ability, energy and enthusiasm, combined with youthfulness, fitted him admirably to meet and direct the life of our Club into positive channels of inspiration to all.

It gives me pleasure to say that never in my life did I meet with a more genial soul nor one more intensely loyal. He always remained close to the members. He was their friend and they rewarded him. He never led a man astray, and never promised anything that he would not perform; never counseled work that he would not have done himself.

"God's finger touched him, and he slept."

He was so young and so virile that I did not think of him as likely to be taken from us for years. His death is a loss which, not only the Hamilton

Club, but the community at large, feels and deeply deplores. Permit me to assure you that I suffer keenly this loss. He was my friend and had my confidence, my respect and my admiration. I was always impressed with his simplicity and perfect naturalness. There was nothing of affectation or show about him.

"None knew thee but to love thee,  
None named thee but to praise."

"Yea, that is life: make this forenoon sublime,  
This afternoon a psalm; this night a prayer,  
And time is conquered and thy crown is won."

## Edward P. Barry

Less than two hundred years ago many of the intelligent and good people of England believed in the divine right of kings, and were ready to defend the doctrine by the sacrifice of position, wealth and life. We are glad that we are living on the threshold of the twentieth century, under the inspiring folds of the Stars and Stripes, which stand for liberty and the equal rights of all men, and that the paramount doctrine taught and defended by the intellect and conscience of America is the divine right of man to rise from the humble walks of life to that of a leader, a king and a ruler of his fellow men.

In looking over the pages of history we are forced to the conclusion that there was but one Cæsar, one Romulus, one Napoleon, one Cromwell, one Washington and but one Grant. Men have suddenly appeared upon the arena of political action, and, as it were with a mighty rush, have stepped up higher and reached out farther than their contemporaries or associates.

Not quite five years ago I made the acquaintance of Hope Reed Cody. My relations with him arose



from the fact that I was a member of the Hamilton Club and a member of another society of which at one time he was president or presiding officer. From my first acquaintance with him I was attracted toward him and was compelled, as the result of a close study of him, to recognize him as a leader and a born ruler of men. It was as natural for him to lead as it is for some others to follow. His life, his leadership, his intrinsic worth and the splendid influence that he exerted among his companions and associates will ever live as an incentive to the young men of our city and nation, teaching them that politically they can wield an influence in civic affairs, that they can be powerful factors and at the same time be young men of splendid moral characters and high and inspiring religious convictions. I would that, as his mantle falls, it might be touched by the divine wand and separated into myriads of like mantles and fall upon the young men of our country, inspiring them with like ambitions and hopes to follow in his footsteps and thus pass down to the ages which are to come, characters worthy of emulation.

To the bereaved widow and fatherless son there has come an irreparable loss. It will not only be months but years before they can in any measure be reconciled; from the standpoint of human vision they are to be pitied; words of sympathy may to them be

meaningless words. We can only say to them:  
"Think not of your loved one as dead, but as alive,  
having passed within the veil, for a little while not  
to be seen; his deeds do follow him."

To the venerable parents of Hope Reed Cody  
there is left the heritage of a magnificent life.

## Boyt King

Hope Reed Cody is dead. My first thought is not of the loss to the Hamilton Club, the community, the state or the nation. It is of the broken home, the source from which springs happiness, inspiration and purpose. Without the home existence is almost barren. The light of that home has gone out. The little things so carefully accumulated to make the home attractive are valueless. To look upon the things he loved is to feel an added grief.

We cannot grieve for him who has left a world of trouble, but we grieve for the lonely wife, the innocent baby boy, the broken-hearted mother, the grief-stricken father, the loving brothers and sisters. The wife has lost a companion, but has a heritage to comfort her in their boy, whose development was to have been an ever increasing source of happiness to them both. The mother has parted from a son who but yesterday, it seems to her, was learning to smile, to lisp, to toddle about the old home at Naperville. His childish doings and sayings are fresh in

her mind, yet he has already passed through a brilliant life, and gone. The father finds his cherished ambitions for his boy suddenly blighted by the impartial hand of death. The brothers and sisters feel that a large interest in life has been taken from them.

We can scarcely reconcile ourselves to this loss. No matter at what age or under what circumstances we lose one dear to us, death is a blow that dazes at first; then we pity ourselves. I pity myself that I have lost a friend. I pity the community that it has lost one of its noblest sons. His large heart was filled with brotherly love for each of his many friends. On them he showered his goodness without expectation of other return than love. If he made enemies we do not know them.

His is a rare instance of a life that goes on after death. It has inspired to higher ideals everyone who knew him well. We have all of us stepped to a higher plane. If there was jealousy of each other in our hearts it is replaced by kindly feeling. If there was a selfish aim, a generous and honorable ambition has taken its place. If there was a false idea of political duties existing in our minds, it has given way to a wholesome public spirit.

His life was one of deeds. He took his place naturally as our leader, because his activity placed him in the fore and we never questioned his right to leadership, because he never claimed more than he

had earned by ceaseless effort and untiring energy.  
Let his memory be kept ever green lest we forget  
those ideals he has placed before us.

“Alike are life and death  
When life in death survives,  
And the uninterrupted breath  
Inspires a thousand lives.”

## Warwick A. Shaw

In the death of Hope Reed Cody we mourn the loss of one whose qualities of heart, soul and mind have endeared him to all.

Another noble heart has ceased to beat, and the soul of Hope Reed Cody has passed from our midst into that life toward which are set the steps of every man whose path is Godward.

In his earthly tabernacle we loved him, for he was to us a brother. We think of him in his home beyond as performing some noble task, some useful duty, in obedience to the will of his Maker.

By us who knew him his memory will ever be cherished as that of one whose talents were God-given, whose lofty aims, whose courage and whose endeavors had made an exceptional life.

We are bereft; we have lost the companionship of him who was to us most precious in our personal relationship with him. His delightful presence and his genial personal influence have gone from us. But God had use for him elsewhere. He had been faithful in those things over which he had been set. He

has been called to perform higher and nobler duties in the great beyond, of which there is a promise to every man who, like him, has obeyed those higher behests which have been implanted in his soul. But though he has gone, his spirit and his life remain with us, and their influence will continue to assist us in building up our characters, and in carrying out the labors that are before us.

Can aught be said of him in praise that is not true? Can we speak too highly of him whose very death is an inspiration to us all? Everyone who knew him will attest that he lived in so true, so noble and high-minded a spirit that to know him was a privilege and an inspiration toward higher and better aims.

The influence of his life, and the influence of his passing from us, will not soon be forgotten in this community. Greater inspiration to strive for the welfare of our commonwealth could not be given than that afforded by the life, the work and the death of our beloved brother. He is dead, but out of his death springs a new life in those whose good fortune it was to come within his influence, a new ambition and an inspiration to labor for the uplifting of the civil, political and social life of our countrymen.

We know the purity of his family life, and as we think of all that his immediate family has lost, his wife, his boy, his aged father and mother, his broth-

ers and sisters, our hearts bleed for them in their bereavement, and in our utter helplessness we can but say: "God's comfort and love bind up their broken hearts until the time when we all, on that bright day, which comes sooner or later to each and every one of us, shall meet him in that kingdom where there is no night."



## Gideon E. Newman

The best, the bravest knight of all has gone down before that relentless foe, against whose assault courage and skill are alike unavailing.

His loss to the public is great, but his loss to the individual is greater. No man could be associated with Hope Reed Cody and not be his "best"—for he continually inspired those about him with a high purpose and infused them with new power.

In him, we saw the highest possibilities in manhood realized, and instinctively we sought to raise ourselves to his standard.

His vision was clear and comprehensive, and his title to "leader" was natural and absolute.

His judgment was unerring, and to win his approval was reward sufficient.

He has gone from us, and I have tried to say "It is well," but I cannot yet see my way clear. A cloud has drifted over our vision, and we see Hope Cody no more; but he is still with us; his hand is upon our shoulders and his voice sounds in our ears.

I look about me and I see Hope reflected in many faces here. In the administration of the affairs

of this Club, in the councils of the Executive officers, in the various committees, Hope is everywhere.

We may no longer tell him our love, but what he would do, what he would desire shall be our guide.

His memory is our richest heritage, and shall inspire us with courage in difficulty, patience in effort, and a larger love for all.

## Albert E. Crowley

If ever I longed for the power to fittingly express to you, my fellow members of the Hamilton Club, my thought and feeling, it is now. I would that I could bring a fitting tribute of love and honor to our beloved friend and leader. But I cannot. The just pride I feel in having brought his application for membership to our Club—and in having nominated him for his first official position as a member of our Board of Directors—is lost in the grief of my heart, as to-day, with each of you, I mourn the loss of him who, as so many of us feel, was closer than a brother. Life can have for me no relation with my fellow-man dearer and sweeter than mine with Hope Reed Cody. His memory shall be my inspiration in private life and his record my ideal in public life.

*April 14, 1870.*

The tender shoots of Love spring forth  
Like blossoms from the sod;  
The yearning of a mother's heart  
Communes direct with God.

The shower passes but it leaves  
Bright dew the flowers to grace;  
The prayer that reaches God's own ear  
Beams on the infant's face.

Nor cloud shall dim nor storm destroy  
The beauty of that hour;  
Nor grief o'erwhelm nor death efface  
That look of winsome power.

*April 10, 1899.*

True grandeur comes to those alone  
Who strive in faith, and fight  
To win; no matter where or when,  
If ever for the right.

Grand epoch of a country's weal,  
'Tis here thy conflicts cease!  
For he who always craved for Love  
Prayed long for lasting Peace

To dwell in brothers' hearts and make  
His land forever blest;  
One thought, one wish, one heart, one soul;  
Then could he go to rest.

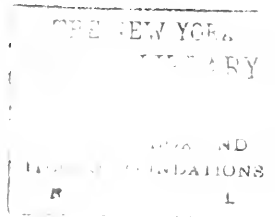
*November 7, 1899.*

The darkness comes, the light is gone  
From out our hearts to-day;  
On bended knees we plead for help,  
And God says, "Ever pray,

Henceforth, that ye, his dearest ones,  
May live as he ye knew;  
That when the call shall come at last,  
Ye be amongst the few

That chose his path and lived his life,  
And longed for Love and Peace;  
Then Earth shall profit by his loss,  
His fame shall e'er increase."

*—John B. Porter.*



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